6.

STRICTURES,

ON

TWO DISCOURSES, &c.

Price ONE SHILLING.

BRITISH MUSEUM

STRICTURES

ON

TWO DISCOURSES,

BY

S****L C****R, D. D.

OCCASIONED BY THE

Death of his Eldeſt Daughter.

DEDICATED TO THE

RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD

L E W I S,

Lord Biſhop of the Dioceſe.

"*Mark now how a plain tale ſhall put you down.*"

SHAKESPEARE 1ſt part Henry IV.

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M,DCC,LXXXVII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

DEDICATION.

TO THE

Right Rev. Father in God,

LEWIS,

LORD BISHOP OF NORWICH.

My Lord,

FORGIVE my inſcribing the following ſtrictures to your lordſhip, without firſt requeſting your permiſſion.

I MUST frankly acknowledge, that it was the fear of not obtaining your conſent, which prevented me from aſking it.

FOR

For as I thought the Doctor's compliment, in his dedication to your lordſhip, was ſo *neatly turned*, and anſwered the double purpoſe of praiſing his daughter, and your lordſhip in the ſame breath, I had little hopes that any ſentiment, which might flow from my pen, after ſo great a man, could in the leaſt merit your lordſhip's attention.

Nor can I pay your lordſhip the compliment of calling you the moſt perfect living character I know; for although my ſphere of knowledge is trivial, in compariſon of that of the writer of theſe elaborate diſcourſes, yet I think, and am certain, the world does produce characters,

racters, with whom your lordſhip might embrace on equal terms of goodneſs. Two ſtrike me inſtantly, (if the Doctor writes truth) in the exemplary mother of the deceaſed lady, and in the elder brother, who, the Doctor ſays, "he is happy to "ſay, is ſtill more nearly united to "his departed ſiſter by kindred of "mind, than even by the ties of na-"ture;" and as ſhe was certainly (for the Doctor affirms it from the pulpit) without "*ſpot*, *blemiſh*, or "*frailty*," and the young man boaſts ſo near a reſemblance, I think what I have advanced can be no affront to your lordſhip.

THAT every happineſs may attend you, and that you may long be lent

to earth as an example, before you are tranſlated to heaven as your reward, is my ſincere wiſh and ardent prayer.

I am, my Lord,
with the trueſt reſpect,
and livelieſt eſteem,
your Lordſhip's moſt obedient,
and affectionate humble ſervant,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

PREFACE.

IT is not the lot of every author to ſhock the prejudices of the learned and unlearned vulgar, even if that author depicts only his own thoughts.

But where an author controverts opinions, eſtabliſhed upon long and well-founded experience, he muſt not be ſurprized if the pen of criticiſm is aimed at his work.

Con-

Conſcious rectitude, and the purſuit of truth, where they are the uniform intention of any individual (in the ſmall ſphere of my obſervation) ſo far from being the occaſion of cenſure, however diſcordant the opinions of mankind, have generally claimed deſerving applauſe, without the puff of dedication, or the bullying manœuvre of a pompous preface.

Thoſe who wiſh to impoſe on the world their contempt of envy and malice, always ſmart moſt ſeverely under the pen of the ſatyriſt.

Had not I been convinced by the work now before me, I never could have thought there could have been ſo vain a pa-

parent, as to wiſh to expoſe even the moſt ſecret actions of the life of an amiable daughter, to the ſcrutinizing eye of a malicious world, under the idea, that her example alone is able to reform a ſinful people.

O Doctor, if the angel you deplore, (for I confeſs I never had the honour of knowing her perſonally) did really poſſeſs all that humility and meekneſs you deſcribe, how does ſhe look down with pity and compaſſion, nay, with extreme anguiſh, at the weakneſs of her parent; and with ſuch a ſpirit as you deſcribe hers to be, if ſhe knows the ſteps you have taken ſince her deceaſe, you, by your own deſcription of the faculties of her mind, could not have ta-

keñ

ken a line of conduct more disagreeable to her.

Should, however, her example be of use, you add, you then gain your point as a writer, and derive consolation as a parent.

I fear, as a writer, your book will but feebly aid the cause. Whatever were the perfections of your amiable daughter (on whom give me leave to declare, with all possible seriousness, that throughout the whole of my pamphlet, I mean not to cast the shadow of reflection, nor on any other part of your worthy and respectable family); and as a parent, I sincerely wish you, most noble Doctor, every consolation the nature of your case will admit.

To

To the public I think it but right to add, that no perſonal enmity of any kind—no affront whatever, induced me to take up the pen. I have by accident ſeen and ſpoken to the Doctor, who always treated me as he does all the inhabitants of Yarmouth, with the greateſt politeneſs. Employed in commercial purſuits, I have little time for reading of any kind; and it was by mere accident the book fell into my hands. I thought it in many places exceptionable; and as every man has a right to make his ſtrictures on what is offered to the public, I ſtate mine, as a plain man, in a plain way; and the public are the judges, whether what I have written claims attention, or merits neglect.

STRIC-

STRICTURE I.

WHAT but the greateſt vanity, Doctor, could have induced you to make your private and poignant grief the ſubject and inſtrument of your public office as a miniſter? And who could have thought that D——r C——r, with all his great, real, or affected ſenſibility, at a time when, if we may judge by mankind in general, he would have been totally abſorpt, though not overwhelmed with his misfortune, could ſit down and

produce two ſuch laboured Diſcourſes as this melancholy occaſion has uſhered into the world?

THE utmoſt efforts of a man who was totally unaffected by the event;—the utmoſt exertions of ſuch a man, even if we allow him equal abilities with your noble ſelf, could ſcarce have produced ſuch another hodge-podge—ſuch a jumble of unconnected matter.

WHERE parents of any ſenſibility labour under ſo ſevere an affliction as the loſs of an amiable and affectionate child, I ſhould think, grief would entirely deſtroy a poſſibility of *compoſition*; and that the mind, under the preſſure of ſuch a weight, could never be ſufficiently collected to ſketch a ſingle ſentence. What then does this infer? I hope not a want

of

of ſenſibility in you; and yet that of your amiable conſort is well known, and I think muſt at this period have been ſo very predominant, that your book eſcaped her inveſtigation in its road to the printers; for otherwiſe it would never have ſeen the light.

I AM informed alſo, that you preached theſe elaborate diſcourſes twice; once at the church, and once at the chapel, and that you wept preciſely at the ſame place each time, and in each ſermon.

UNFORTUNATELY I have little faith in thoſe public tears. They are too much like the *alms* of the *Phariſee*, given publicly to be ſeen of men, and you know what reward attended them.

You will excuſe the ſimile which I here make uſe of, becauſe I know from your nume-

numerous charities and humane diſpoſi tion, it can never be laid to your charge.

You will ſay grief operates very differently in different people. I grant it, and will inform you of one inſtance to prove the fact.

A GENTLEMAN of your profeſſion had an only daughter, whom he bred up in every grace and accompliſhment which fortune could procure; and as the young lady poſſeſſed a good underſtanding, her improvements in every ſcience in which ſhe was inſtructed, more than anſwered the hopes of her indulgent parent. She ſhone particularly in muſic, where her execution both in voice and finger were unrivalled. Add to this, ſhe was a pattern of all that was good, pleaſing and amiable. At the period when the fond

parent

parent ſaw his amiable daughter arrive at the ſummit of his hopes, having reached and compleated her twenty-firſt year; admired, nay almoſt adored by all who knew her, ſhe was ſeized with a violent fever, and continued many, very many days, delirious, from the extreme pain ſhe ſuffered.

As the afflicted parent was ſitting by her bedſide, one afternoon in all the anguiſh of unutterable grief, he was ſurprized on a ſudden by her putting aſide the curtain, and reaching for his hand, whilſt with her eyes turned upon her father, ſhe ſung moſt affectingly, with a very fine but plaintive voice, a funeral dirge, which her father was very fond of; and after ending the dirge with the moſt awful ſolemnity, ſhe fetched a deep ſigh, cloſed her eyes, and expired!

What effect then had grief upon this your brother? Such an effect, that hitherto, and ſome years have elapſed, his grief is unutterable; nor have I heard of his compoſing one diſcourſe to commemorate her virtues: Even in converſation he cannot bear to mention her; but *her memory*, as that of your daughter would have done, without your panegyric, lives in the eſteem of all who had the pleaſure of her acquaintance, and who now ſincerely lament their loſs.

This gentleman I ſincerely pity. I grieve for him. Nay, for him I can drop the kindred tear of ſenſibility, and I can make his caſe my own. I had almoſt ſaid I ſhould be ſorry to do the ſame by you. Was I to meet with ſuch a loſs, I ſhould hardly find my ſpirits ſufficiently calm to compoſe ſo ingeniouſly; or, was

I a clergyman, ſtrength enough to preach and expatiate ſo elaborately on the perfection of my child. I ſhould rather, like the gentleman I have juſt mentioned, have ſhut myſelf in my cloſet, and on my bended knees have humbled myſelf under the puniſhment of the Almighty, and have examined, as ſoon as my convulſed ſpirits would have permitted, for which of my ſins (unleſs *you*, *Doctor*, like *your daughter*, *have none*) providence had found it neceſſary ſo to puniſh me.

WHAT the gentleman above-mentioned felt, I call real grief; as, by what I can learn, altho' maſter of the ſame arguments you ſo ingeniouſly delineate, yet he feels his ſpirits ſo much ſhocked, that he deſpairs of ever recovering again that ſerenity which his loſs ſo deeply injured.

STRIC-

STRICTURE II.

I HOPE I ſhall not be accuſed of arrogance or ſelf-conceit, who, from a ſituation humble, when compared to the Doctor's, and bred to different habits and purſuits, dare to arraign the writings of ſo great a man; wanting too all that learning and ability for metaphyſical diſquiſition, which he ſo amply poſſeſſes. Shall a layman dare to enter the pale of the church, and ſend forth ſtrictures on the writings of one ſo high in the ſacred order.

O ENGLAND! thou happy country! couldſt thou be but ſenſible of thy numerous

rous and ſolid advantages. Here no inquiſition threatens the man, who dares be ſo audacious as to differ in opinion with a Ghoſtly Father. Here no Baſtile threatens with durance vile either the tongue or pen of the independent citizen. Here the author, if guilty of *vanity* or *ridiculous oſtentation*, in vain ſeeks a refuge in the loftineſs of his ſituation, or in the numerous friends who flatter his foibles. An impartial public will determine with equal diſintereſtedneſs on the works of the individual, however obſcure his ſituation, with thoſe of the moſt dignified prelate.

WHAT could induce you, Doctor, to dedicate two ſuch ſermons to your dioceſan, who is allowedly a man of ſuch known abilities, that he muſt make a jeſt of them from beginning to end? Had

you read over carefully any of his printed diſcourſes, the inferiority of your own, partial as you may be to your own child, muſt have over ruled your purpoſe?

But to whom were your diſcourſes addreſſed? Let us take a ſlight ſketch of your congregation. I ſuppoſe you, at the moment you enter the door, and place yourſelf in the pulpit, looking round on your audience:—On your left hand, in ſolemn ſtate, the corporation awaits your inſtruction; men reſpectable, very reſpectable in their different walks of life—but more likely to be pleaſed (no affront to their underſtandings) with a plain practical diſcourſe, than with the moſt refined and abſtruſe arguments of controverſial divinity:—And in every other part of the church, the hearers, I dare ſay, would agree with me, that

that they would learn more from a plain ſermon, on a relative duty, than from all the learning you ſo profuſely ſquander upon (to them) unintelligible ſubjects.

After the accuſtomed prayer, I think I can ſee you *now*, when you deliver with your accuſtomed gravity your text: but how are the ears of the greateſt part of your congregation aſtoniſhed to hear that the wiſdom of Solomon ought no longer to be ſo called; that it was written by ſome one, you know not who; and that thus they, as well as the tranſlators of the Bible, have been all along in an error; and they perhaps will add, if this book is wrong entitled, how do we know whether the others are rightly named or not?

You then go off in a moſt florid manner; and your ſimile which follows the expreſſion of the purple *bloom* of *youth*, makes a very pretty picture. But you afterwards run into ſuch diviſions upon the difference between the Moſaic and Chriſtian Revelation, and ſo perplex us plain people with your note about πρωτη and επαγγελια, that I do aſſure you, even when I had read ſo ſmall a part of your diſcourſes, I totally forgot the death of your daughter, and that you were inconſolable in conſequence.

We have then a very learned diſquiſition, how inadequate the arguments of Sulpicius were to calm the grief of Cicero for the death of his daughter Tullia. We have another, and ſtill another inſtance from the ſame theatre, produced to ſhew, how much the ancients grieved,

and

and how trifling and ridiculous their grief was, and how abſurd the arguments they made uſe of to allay that grief, compared to the Doctor's.

The laſt of the ancients the Doctor derides, and I think juſtly, for having recourſe at ſuch a time to his ſtudies for relief; for he ſays, "That grief howe-"ver, perhaps you will think, could "not be very violent, which left ſufficient "attention to the mind, to derive com-"fort from ſuch a ſource." He goes on—"You will, however, diſcover him "alleviating his ſorrow likewiſe by the "hope of immortality. This indeed "is worthy your notice. But examine "more accurately, and you will find that "this was not an immortality of exiſt-"ence in a future ſtate of happineſs, but "the inconſiſtent hope," (which ſtrik-

ingly

ingly points out the vanity of mankind) " of an immortality of fame, to be deri- " ved from the writings he ſhould leave " behind him in this periſhable world." It is well that the writer of theſe diſ- courſes is known to have too much ſenſe to derive comfort from ſuch a ſource as this, for otherwiſe the world would be apt to ſuſpect that he took to his ſtudy and to *compoſing*, to immortalize his own ge- nius in deſcribing the memory of his daughter.

VARIOUS is the ground the learned writer goes over for a man under ſuch impreſſions of grief. From the deſpiſed Jew, we jump to the Pierian Spring; and I queſtion whether (the honourable cor- poration excepted) there was a perſon in the church (I ſhould have ſaid a ſailor) that ever heard of that ſpring before.

FROM

From hence we go to Socrates and Modern Education; but this ſubject, particularly with reſpect to the education of boys, being ſo peculiarly applicable to the occaſion, is treated more largely in the next.

How ſweet is the tranſition from thence to your own family, where you deſcribe your "Seminary for furniſhing "inhabitants to Heaven;" for it is evident you wiſh your audience to take the picture you have here drawn for that of your own houſhold.

What then is the purport of this diſcourſe; "that honourable age is not "that which ſtandeth in length of "years;" ſo that a man's living longer than your amiable daughter did, is no proof of his virtue; that is to ſay, that the

the time a man is permitted to live, does not carry with it proportionable virtue of courſe; but that we ſhould all ſtudy that great adage, of which, Doctor, I only dare give you the Engliſh tranſlation, "Know thyſelf." And that thoſe who, like the amiable lady we all deplore, are patterns of what is juſt and right, have already attained "wiſdom, which "is the grey hair unto men, and an un-"ſpotted life, which is old age."

And from thence, if I underſtand right, is inferred, that your worthy daughter, having arrived at this perfection, could have gone no further had ſhe lived to extreme old age; and that the Almighty, who knows our hearts, ſeeing this, took her to himſelf.

" THUS the righteous that is dead
" ſhall condemn the ungodly which are
" living; and youth, that is ſoon per-
" fected, the many years and old age of
" the unrighteous."

THUS far I agree with the learned writer, and do firmly believe, that the Almighty thought it right to take this amiable lady, being ſo perfect, to himſelf; but at the ſame time, muſt confeſs, was I in a ſimilar caſe, I ſhould think there might be ſome failing of my own to occaſion ſo ſevere a puniſhment. And I make little doubt but the gentleman, whoſe caſe I related, has ever humbly kiſſed the rod which gave him ſo ſevere a ſtroke; and that the following lines

may with ſtrict juſtice be applied to him:

" The poor fond parent, humbled in the duſt,
" Now owns in tears the puniſhment is juſt."

PARNELL'S HERMIT.

STRIC-

STRICTURE III.

WE are now to be ſhewn the means how we may all attain that perfection which ſhe who is departed ſo amply poſſeſſed; as the Doctor has promiſed in the concluſion of his firſt diſcourſe.

"*Phyſician heal thyſelf*," was a maxim of old; not, however, that I mean to apply it to the Doctor, who being able to point out the means to his hearers—nay, as a father to ſuch an amiable lady, muſt be in poſſeſſion of them himſelf, and who knows, thus perfect, but a tranſlation (for

(for many of our holy men are tranſla-ted) may await him.

We again get upon the bloom of youth, "though we leave out the elegant "epithet of purple." But what has the ſimile of the budding trees, which the Doctor ſo prettily handles in his firſt diſ-courſe, done to offend, that he is ſo angry with it in the beginning of the ſecond?

He is very pathetic indeed in his ad-dreſs to his congregation, where he ſays, "And Oh! may God be graciouſly "pleaſed to vouchſafe ſuch ability to the "preacher—ſuch attention to my hear-"ers—and ſuch efficacy to my doc-"trine." This is very pretty; but it is only declamation;—it is not argu-ment;—and puts me in mind of what I have

have heard called in players, the ſtage trick to gain attention.

On the fourth leaf of this ſermon, page 72, I ſee you take your final leave of the wiſdom of Solomon, for ſo I will call it, till you write a treatiſe to inform me who did compoſe that work; and we are now to walk, as certainly all praiſe is due we can, by a more perfect guide.

And as an excellent argument to enforce our attention to heavenly, in preference to earthly treaſures; and that we ought not to be over anxious, as *ſome are*, about treaſures that wax old, and are in their very natures unſtable, you ſay, and I am highly pleaſed with the paſſage,

" If we are anxious for the preſerva-
" tion, and unwearied in the inſpection
" of

" of thoſe writings, which inſtruct us to
" eſtimate the accounts of our temporal
" gains and loſſes, what time, care, at-
" tention, and ſolicitude, ought we not
" to beſtow upon thoſe, by which we
" may learn beſt to appreciate, and
" rightly to adjuſt, not only our tempo-
" ral, but likewiſe our eternal inte-
" reſts ?"

" If we ourſelves moſt eagerly exa-
" mine, and ſpare likewiſe no labour to
" conſult, nor expence to induce thoſe
" who are better qualified than ourſelves,
" to ſcrutinize the deeds, which ſet forth
" our right, title, claim, or *pretence*, to
" any earthly riches, rank, honours, or
" poſſeſſions, with how much more avi-
" dity ought we ourſelves to ſearch the
" records; and with how much more
" anxiety ought we to enquire of others,

" who

" who are ſtill better inſtructed, the
" means by which we may attain to the
" acquiſition of heavenly treaſures; the
" right by which we may claim an eter-
" nal crown of glory; and the title we
" can ſet up, to be ranked with the ſons
" of God, and joint heirs with Chriſt."

THIS paſſage reminds me of a ſtory, which I will tell you, to ſhew how depraved ſome men are—how much they court the earthly mammon; and that, in ſhort, there are men in the world who will go any length, to get poſſeſſion of that idol, which in their breaſts reigns predominant over every other paſſion.

ONCE upon a time there lived a gentleman, who was bleſſed with an amiable conſort, and with children, who were every thing his fondeſt wiſhes could deſire.

ſire. Wealth and honour were his portion—health danced in his florid cheek—and all that a man could wiſh, or heart could crave, he called his own.

It ſo happened, tha this aged father, who was grown grey in the profeſſion of his youth, and who was weary of living a ſolitary life in his old age, having loſt his wife many years before, expreſſed a wiſh to ſojourn with his ſon, who had ever been aſſiduouſly dutiful. The old gentleman had alſo another ſon, who, from youthful extravagancies, had much angered his parent. The dutiful ſon met the wiſhes of his parent more than half way, and the old gentleman, after diſpoſing of his property and effects, ſojourned with his ſon.

For a time all was harmony, and the old gentleman ſettled all his worldly affairs in favour of the dutiful ſon, as he was averſe to any reconciliation with his other extravagant ſon, and which I ſhould ſuppoſe muſt be cauſe of great ſorrow to the dutiful one.

But within a ſhort time afterwards, to the ſurprize of every one, the poor old gentleman quits his ſon's houſe, with a reſolution never to return; and not having one of his own, goes to that of a friend, and ſays, give me room with you for a ſhort time, for I am come to die with you.

What the cauſe was for this ſo ſudden a change, will, I ſuppoſe, be never clearly aſcertained; but the old gentleman, after adding a codicil to his will, in

favour of his extravagant ſon, made his words good, for he expired! But what aſtoniſhed all thoſe, who knew the circumſtances of this affair, the ſon who had hitherto conducted himſelf in ſo praiſe-worthy a manner, litigated the laſt act of his aged parent in the law courts; nor heſitated to caſt this ſtigma on the memory of his parent, that he was *inſane*. I think the reflections that will ariſe in the mind of every one who reads this ſtory are obvious; and I only wiſh that this man had been preſent, Doctor, when you delivered that *excellent ſentence*; had he heard you draw ſo *fine*, and ſo *good* a *diſtinction* betwixt the *title deeds* of *this world* and the *next*, he muſt have foregone his purpoſe.

How true is your obſervation, where you point out the greater degree of ſolicitude

citude which actuates men to court the ſmile of earthly princes, rather than the King of Kings; and from page 82 to page 88, I agree with you entirely, as muſt every honeſt man who bewails the conſequence.

YET is this country peculiarly happy, that the clergy of our church are far removed from the failings you mention—that, unactuated either by miniſterial motives, by ambition, avarice, pride, or *vanity*, they every where reſide where their reſpective callings demand their care, and there, by their humility, their charity, and their attention to the duties of their ſtations, they not only by precept, but example, lead their flocks forward in the road to ſalvation.

BUT

But what has the death of Miſs C———r to do with the flagellation of boys, by ſevere and imperious pedagogues; and how could ever ſuch a note be ſubjoined to ſuch a ſubject?

Pudet hæc opprobria nobis.

What, in the name of wonder, can modern education, which is ſo largely expatiated upon, have to do with the accompliſhments of this fair maiden; and how unfortunate for the riſing generation, the learned writer would never condeſcend to the care of a ſeminary for that purpoſe, that poſterity might be furniſhed with geniuſes from ſo excellent a ſchool.

I confess I cannot underſtand your diſtinction between appetites and paſſions.

ons. I was never taught that the wiſe author of our nature required the extinction of either; and have ever been told, that, in proper bounds, I was permitted to make uſe of them; and I always underſtood till now, that all this might be done conſiſtent with a love of God, and a proper faith in the articles of the Chriſtian religion. From the 100th to the 111th page, I acknowledge my total inability to underſtand you. Do not, however, let this be any concern, as it is my want of comprehenſion, not your want of perſpicuity, that is the occaſion of the miſtake.

We ſoon after leave Mr. Locke and metaphyſics, which I dare ſay all your congregation were well qualified clearly to underſtand, and diſtinctly to comprehend, and come to the more particular de-

deſcription of the amiable occaſion of the diſcourſes before me.

And here it is not in my power to criticiſe—it is not in my wiſh—it is not in my inclination:—Where is the man who could be ſo hardy, ſo ſlanderous, or ſo ungenerous, as to criticiſe on one, who, the Doctor tells us, was not only "*ſpotleſs*, but beſides being in poſſeſſion of "all thoſe other ornaments of nature, "which moſt forcibly attract the attention, and moſt firmly engage the eſteem "of the world, ſhe was endowed with "*every moral* virtue, and every *Chriſtian* "*grace*, and altogether *refined* from every "the *leaſt* alloy, or any *earthly foible*, or "*human frailty?*"

All the world ſays, or would have ſaid, if the Doctor would have given opportunity

portunity, and had not ſaid it himſelf, that Miſs C——e M——a C——r was all a parent could wiſh for in a child, and that without a deſcription, to which no human being, except our Bleſſed Saviour, was ever equal, the young lady muſt always live in the deareſt remembrance of thoſe with whom ſhe was acquainted.

Did not her character really ſtand on the ſureſt grounds, a ſtranger taking up your book, and finding the teſtimony of a common ſervant brought in to confirm it, would doubt the whole.

And had it not been for your laſt obſervation, that even perfect as ſhe was, it could not be through her own merits that ſhe entered into poſſeſſion of the rewards reſerved for the righteous, I confeſs till you hedged that in, juſt to make

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a cloſe of your diſcourſe, I was ſo loſt in contemplating ſuch a blaze of perfection, that I fancied I could ſee her aſcending into heaven, on the ſtrength of her own perfections alone, till you pointed out our merciful Saviour holding forth his hand to her purified ſpirit.

All that a father ought to ſay on ſuch an occaſion as this, with humble ſubmiſſion to ſuperior ſenſe and learning, ſhould have been ſomething like the following:

Under-

UNDERNEATH THIS STONE
LIETH THE REMAINS OF
C———E M———A C———R,
ELDEST DAUGHTER OF
DOCTOR C———R,
MINISTER OF GREAT Y———TH,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE IN THE
TWENTY-FIRST YEAR OF HER AGE.
READER!
ART THOU A PARENT,
SYMPATHIZE WITH THE AFFLICTED
FATHER AND MOTHER, WHO
MOURN SO INVALUABLE
A LOSS.
ART THOU A MAIDEN,
EMULATE HER MEEKNESS, HER MO-
DESTY, AND HER BENEVOLENCE.
ADORN THYSELF WITH THE VIRTUES
WHICH CAUSED HER SUCH UNI-
VERSAL ADMIRATION;
AND MAY THY PARENTS BE HAPPY
IN THE LASTING POSSESSION
OF SUCH AN INESTIMA-
BLE BLESSING.
THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED!

APPENDIX.

AS the Doctor declares in his preface, that he does not publiſh his work to add *to his reputation*, he cannot, I ſhould hope, be offended at any ſtrictures which may be paſſed upon it. And as it never was my intention to attack him in any point, but what was well known to very many beſides myſelf, let him rather ſuppoſe it a conſequence of his public character, and a conſequence that all public and *eminent* characters muſt expect.

THE

The nameleſs author of the appendix ſays, "wherever uncommon merit is "perceivable, juſtice demands the tri-"bute of uncommon applauſe." And the Doctor introduces the writer of the appendix with ſuch an encomium, that the public muſt regret not being acquainted with his name. But with ſo animated a ſtyle, I muſt, in my own opinion, ſet him down as a fervent admirer of the deceaſed lady.

The writer of the above work feels not a little mortified and chagrined, that he has no elegies by him to fill up a few more pages of letter-preſs; and he really envies the Doctor and his friends the mutual compliments, which, as by agreement, they paſs upon each other; nor will the author neglect to purchaſe, (the firſt time he ſees Bungay, where lives the

eſtemeed

eſteemed authoreſs,) FRANKLY'S RAMBLES, which, from the Doctor's recommendation, muſt be well worth the peruſal.

THUS ſituated, the author moſt reſpectfully takes his leave; but that his book may not be totally without verſe, and as extraneous matter appears in the Doctor's work, and may be fairly pleaded therefore as a ſanction for his, he begs leave to inſert a few lines, which paint the ſituation of a lady, who wiſhes her name to be concealed, but who was diſinherited by her father, as I am informed, undeſervedly, and who, inſtead of poſſeſſing an ample fortune, languiſhes on a ſmall annuity.

HE was the more inclined to add them, as they form a kind of parody on thoſe excellent lines, written by the Doctor on his lady.

VERSES

VERSES on Mrs. D.

Some years ſince of S*********,

In the County of NORFOLK.

SAY does illuſive fancy mock my ſight,
Or ſome ſad viſion of the troubled night;
Are thy woes real? Is thy lot ſo hard?
From every dear paternal right debarr'd:
Neglected—left to mourn the ling'ring night,
No friend to aid thee, or enforce thy right.
Sure 'tis the phrenſy of the poet's brain,
To paint ſuch viſionary ſcenes of pain;
Yet—*truth* avows what *fancy's* pencil drew,
And claims the ſad ORIGINAL in *you*.

FINIS.

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